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POEM,

BY

J. MORGAN SMITH,
Glastenbury, Ct.,

AND

VALEDICTORY ORATION,

BY

SAMUEL C. GALE,
Millbury, Ms.,

Pronounced before the Senior Class in Yale College.

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POEM.

Our College Hopes.

'Tis past ! These words, loud ringing o'er the stream
Of Time, disturb and break our four years' dream.
Its scenes, in memory, shifting as we view,
Show vivid outlines marked with freshest hue.
New lights and shades, with varying gleam and gloom,
Before us waver—in the distance loom :
Yet hurried, seaward, on the current's might,
Those scenes now past wear most attractive light.
Their joys we note, our nerves are thrilled again,
Their sorrows count, once more renew their pain,
We view their labors, and anew are whirled
Through ceaseless bustle in the college world.
A few days more ; bewildered with the strife
That crowds the visions which compose our life,
To us, our college dream will distant grow.
Oblivion's darkness will about it flow :
Yet, tho' it shroud and hide within the past,
The shadows that our sorrows here have cast,
The radiant gladness which its pleasures shed,
Shall shine the brighter as we onward speed.
Round one dear spot, upon the dark, deep river,
A constant light shall never fail to quiver.
E'en when old age shall find us dreaming still,
And ocean gales begin the air to chill,
The beauties of one dream will not grow pale,—
The golden vision of our life at Yale.

If golden in the past these days appear,
 Hope gave them brilliance, e're we gathered here.
 In boyhood's hours, how did each bounding heart,
 O'erflown with joyful expectation, start,
 Whene'er our eyes, the portico of Fame,
 Beheld engraved with Alma Mater's name!
 How, to our ears, had then a witching zest,
 Adventures varied met in learning's quest,
 Mahap by fathers told, or new brought stories
 By some all shining with their college glories!
 And when the promise to our longings falls,
 That we some day shall tread those sacred halls,
 How patiently the rudimental draught,
 Which science to its tyros gives, we quaffed!
 Crossed broad dull plains of rules and paradigms,
 To reach the mountain that the scholar climbs,—
 Left boyhood's triumphs in rough-handed sports,
 To tread unseen in learning's outer courts!
 Yet were we cheered, those early trials through,
 To catch, at sunny intervals, a view
 Of days not distant, when we should be led,
 As then we hoped, far easier paths to tread,
 And with dear comrades, roaming o'er rich fields,
 To reap the harvests, Rome or Hellas yields.
 Already tempting honors round us stand,
 And seek the plucking of our outstretched hand.
 Already hope, a hundred burning minds
 And open hearts, with ours in friendship binds.
 Ye rev'rend guardians of this honored seat,
 That from our boyhood's homes has lured our feet!
 Ye walls of Yale! Ye hundreds gathered here!
 Ye hearts of ours that thrill with parting fear!
 How have ye all fulfilled the hopes which we
 Brought as an offering? Know we well, that ye
 Can only point, where changed and sundered lie,
 The fabrics built in boyish revery.

The days of boyhood winged a rapid flight,
 Nearer and brighter shone the guiding light ;
 The glad hour came ; and we with trembling past
 These thresholds worn by tread of many years.
 Our early hopes received a sterner cast,
 And half sprang up an anxious crop of fears,
 That, as they grew, bowed to the changes fleet
 Of new desires, like wind-swept waves of wheat.
 These walks and walls, these rooms, this holy place,
 With mem'ries crowded of the noble ones,
 Who 've started here to run a glorious race,
 The trees, the verdure, yea, the pavement-stones
 Yield aspirations to our hearts, and they
 Sent forth their longings on their heavenward way,
 As numerous as the early autumn leaves
 That rustled o'er us in September eves.
 Ambition lighted up a stronger blaze,
 And hope leaped up to seize a present praise.
 Around us hung green rows of laurels won
 By those before us,—could we be outdone ?
 Where circling jokes cracked like a spicy nut,
 Where sharp debate the searching question put,
 Or daily study, daily products brought,
 There we to wear our crown of honor sought.
 The world before us hid as yet its sting,
 The world beyond us was a distant thing.
 Now just emerging, from the whirl, and din,
 And hum, our trial workshop here, within,
 Round those bright hopes, in four years' retrospect,
 We see the shadows too, too fast collect ;
 We gaze with pride on those that still shine clear,
 And for those darkened, bid the future cheer.

The past, a space forget ; and in this hour
 Invite, to tempt with unresisted power,
 The myriad forms of future hopes ; bid all

Our hearts, with voices most alluring, call,—
 Spread their gay wings, put on their richest dress,
 Charm and entice us with their loveliness.
 Follow these forms through all the paths they lead,
 And choose the worthiest, guide through life-long need.
 For there are hopes whose robes, now pure as light,
 With passion stained, at last are dark as night ;
 Others, whose paths now plain and fair enough,
 Grow, with their progress, thorny, wildering, rough ;
 And more with plumes, like clouds at set of sun,
 That like those clouds, fade to a twilight dun.
 The hope of greatness, knowledge, golden treasure,
 With proffered brimming cup—the hope of pleasure ;
 Acknowledged queens, with beauty high divine,
 Weave bonds about us we would not untwine.
 One hope there is, whose modest raiment glows
 With light far purer than the moon-lit snows,
 With light reflected from her Father's throne,
 With mild, kind eyes—with voice of winning tone,
 And hand uplifted, she our course directs
 Along a way that earth-born ardor checks ;
 But is the right. Earth's best have through it trod—
 The hope of goodness leads us up to God.

We thus for life have choice of every hope,
 Build on past fragments stronger temples up,
 And watch all shadows into sunshine slope.

But, Brothers, we to day, with mourning tell
 Of those, once pilgrims marching with our band,
 Whose hopes lie broken by a sterner hand
 Than Time's, on whom far darker shadows fell
 Than we have met : earth's sunbeams never stray
 To light the shadows of eternity.

In those last hours, with parting sorrow pale,
 That we shall wander round our much-loved Yale,

While busy memory brings again each trace
 Of college scenes, and each familiar face ;
 'Mong all that then will people every nook,
 Among the many that in vain we look
 For now, to say anew a parting word,
 (Though e'en "adieu" were all that might be heard,)
 May shake our hand again some future day,
 Some there will be, will long our thoughts delay,
 As we recall, that bright-eyed daisies spring,
 And robins' cheerful summer carols, sing
 Above their graves. In musings shall we come,
 And one by one each, near his distant home,
 Shall visit them, and *there* our parting tears
 Shall shed, and gain a hope, and lose our fears.
 For Noyes, for Everitt, and Welles, to-day
 Our friendship asks a brief elegiac lay.

I.

At intervals, our path of recent travel
 Is saddened with the never lighted glooms,
 And mysteries dark, that man cannot unravel,
 Cast far along it, by three classmates' tombs.

II.

With toil upon the road they grew a'weary,
 Turned from our side to seek a moment's rest :
 Death eased their tired frames in his dwelling dreary,
 Their souls eternal quiet have possessed.

III.

Their praise is in our hearts, the world can never
 Be made to feel what it has lost in them :
 To paint with gloom their own loss, were endeavor
 Ill spent for those, who wear a diadem.

IV.

We sorrowed then, we sorrow now, lamenting
 Their vacant place with true, regretful tears :
Their voice alone is from our grief dissenting,
 " Our flight at death, exceeds your march for years."

V.

In life's tomb-shadowed travel, we together
 Must cease to go : how sad 'twill be to find,
 When e'er return our broken numbers hither,
 New graves, new griefs recalling these to mind.

We leave the shades of memory's domain,
 And turn ourselves reluctantly, again
 The dim revealings of approaching days,
 To view, and hear the murmurs that they raise.

Like some tree-skirted, sky-framed, still, lagoon,
 Whose surface frets not, save with playful tune
 Of southern winds, around whose peaceful borders
 Entangled flowers are woven in disorders ;
 Yet on whose quiet, thunder often breaks,
 The thunder of the outside ocean surge,
 Where its own outlet, its embouchure makes,
 So was our college life, across whose verge,
 Were heard the thunders of external strife,
 And dash of breakers in the sea of life.
 With what resolves ought hearts like ours, to meet
 That beating sea now widening at our feet ?

Up, up, the cloud-encircled Andes' side,
 Whose peaks the star-built dome of Heaven, divide,
 Toiled once a hardy band of eager men,
 Nerved with the world-wide thoughts and will, that then
 Had vivified the multitudes of Spain.
 Worn with adventure, burned with sun o'er head,

Still on the crags they pressed unfaltering tread ;
 Till one, their chief, their leader, and their hope
 Victorious stood the first upon the top.
 Then swiftly upward, emulous, they fly,
 Burst from Balboa's lips th' excited cry,
 "The sea ! the sea !" while their loud echoing shout
 Those cliffs, lifeless till then, rang life about.
 How throbbed their hearts ! how lighted up their eyes
 With new found joy ! what measureless emotion
 To view, far westward, stretching to the skies,
 The blue, the boundless fields of restless ocean !
 With thoughts, like theirs we classmates now may stand,
 And view life's sea spread out on either hand,
 An untried, stormy, and on flowing sea
 Horized by eternity.
 Let our full hearts lift up to Heaven their voice
 Exultant : outward, onward we'll rejoice,
 With canvass wide for every wind to sail,
 And burning in our purpose, shall not fail,
 That spirit tireless, fetterless, and sublime,
 Which fired Ulysses in the olden time ;
 When, (as has sung a bard of modern rhyme,)
 His aged limbs on board his fragile craft
 He bore, his many-counseled spirit laughed
 At unknown dangers ; westward bound forever
 With all his sea-worn mariners ; may never
 Our courage sink, or force power of equal will,
 To course life's sea, till death the breezes still.

Life is a sea, it is a battle too ;
 And in this time of battles daily new,
 'Tis best for us to burnish well our arms,
 And ask how we shall enter war's alarms.

I.

Few days have fled, since on proud Albion's coast,
 Pressing with heavy keel the uneasy tide,
 A fleet of her strong, ocean-ruling host,
 Puffed their white steam, like banners floating wide,
 Their chafing prows impatient to be free,
 And seek with warrior freight a war-vexed sea.

II.

Upon their decks were ranked the dense platoons,
 Whose bayonets flashed beneath the morning sun,
 Whose hearts beat quick, as rolled the loyal tunes
 Of martial music rapidly upon
 The joyous air, and loud, repeated roar
 Of signal gun, conversed 'tween ship and shore.

III.

The shore is dark with eager multitudes,
 Thronging the circuit of the wave-worn beach,
 Whose voices mingled in the interludes
 Of wide-mouthed cannon's stunning thunder speech,
 And for their Queen, rang to the trembling stars,
 In fervent shouts of triple-pealed "Huzzas."

IV.

What mean those shouts? what means the cannon's sound,
 The thousands gathered by the ship-sown bay,
 The Queen on looking, splendor flowing round,
 Of music, dress and gleaming war array?
 Britannia now has girt herself with might,
 And sends her armies to the coming fight.

V.

We stand to-day, prepared to meet a strife,
 And wait the breeze to waft us to the field,
 To wage the contests there forever rise
 With harness on, with wills that will not yield;
 Yet music, multitudes, nor cannon raise
 Their stirring tones, to cheer us on our ways.

VI.

The winds of Heaven laden with a freight
 Of murd'rous sounds, and shrieking after-tones,
 The earth in tears, the nations clad in hate,
 That kings may sit at ease upon their thrones,
 On these, was this magnificence intent,
 For these has gloomed th' eclipse, with dark portent.

VII.

Those hopeful thousands that have coursed the waves
 On Ister's banks, Mohammed's foes to quell,
 What is their end? to dig or sleep in graves
 And war's red list of countless horrors swell,
 We go in silence; but we will achieve
 Proud conquests which when theirs are dead, shall live.

The last sad task, this solemn hour demands,
 Fulfillment asks from my unwilling hands,
 Sad as it is, it is not wholly so;
 We long to stay, and yet desire to go.
 Hope with our sadness twines a shining wreath,
 Nor memory dims the beaming eye of faith.

Ye scenes of Nature, ye that year by year,
 Have darkened, shifted, brightened round us here,
 On earth and sea and in the arching skies,
 Linked to our life, in all your vagaries;
 Ye trees with foliage stirred by thousand winds,
 Like quivering hopes, within our eager minds,
 Ye wond'rous clouds with strange, sun-gilded forms,
 To science bowing 'mid the wildest storms;
 Ye crimson catalogues of sunset views,
 That o'er these walls your dying tints suffuse;
 Oar-fretted bay, or white with sails unfurled,
 Such humors sweeping o'er thy waves upcurled,

As vexed our harbor from the outer world ;
 We part from you : in memory's lighted hall,
 The beams ye shed, shall long upon us fall.

Elm guarded city ! In our thoughts of thee,
 One web, like gray mist, will enwoven be.
 Great bards have often with mellifluous words
 Thy summers sung, joyful with leaves and birds,
 Have praised the trees that waved protecting arms
 Where nature's beauties pale 'neath other charms,
 Admired the verdure of thy level green,
 Dissolved by moonlight to a fairy scene.
 We too, enwrapt in sunrise's golden mist
 Profusely squandered through these tree-arched streets,
 Or wandering when the queen of night has kissed
 With sanctifying lips, these ancient seats,
 Have thought the beauties of this favored spot,
 Were, e'en by Eden's richness, equalled not.
 But when hoarse winter with his surly storms
 Has stripped these elms to black and naked forms,
 When snow and ice, rain, hail, and fog combine
 With winds whose taint is strong of Orient brine,
 While heaven's gray friars weeping over-head
 Soaked the white sponge compressed beneath our tread,
 And foaming torrents, from an unknown source,
 O'er every path pursued an unmapped course ;
 Then, forced long days the sunshine to forego,
 With spirits touched with hue of indigo,
 We sighed on this inhospitable shore,
 That we its winters, soon might feel no more.

Yet, city fair, familiar now become
 In every change thou art our second home,
 Engirt with streams, like Paradise of old,
 That compass lands, great men their only gold,
 An emerald gem, rough-set in living stone,

Which sun and clouds delight to smile upon ;
 Thy future image fastened in each heart,
 Shall far outshine our sorrow as we part.

I.

Ye towers and walls, and halls, and rooms of Mother Yale,
 Time battered and time crowned, with meeds of Fame,
 Would that our parting praises might avail
 To add new glories to your age and name !

II.

Though year by year, a harvest new ye reap,
 Of grateful words, by grateful children brought ;
 Though round the world your honors never sleep,
 Though o'er the land by sires to sons they're taught ;

III.

Despise not as we go, the thanks to hear
 Our hearts acknowledge as our voices bring,
 Ye ne'er receive them more from souls sincere,
 They never can from deeper feeling spring.

IV.

Soon here our voices will have ceased to swell,
 Still let their echoes linger ye among :
 And here our forms no more may move or dwell,
 Grant that their image haunt your presence long.

V.

So when the years have passed, and pilgrims we
 Perchance may meet around this sacred shrine,
 As our hearts leap, your well-known looks to see,
 With answering smiles of recognition shine.

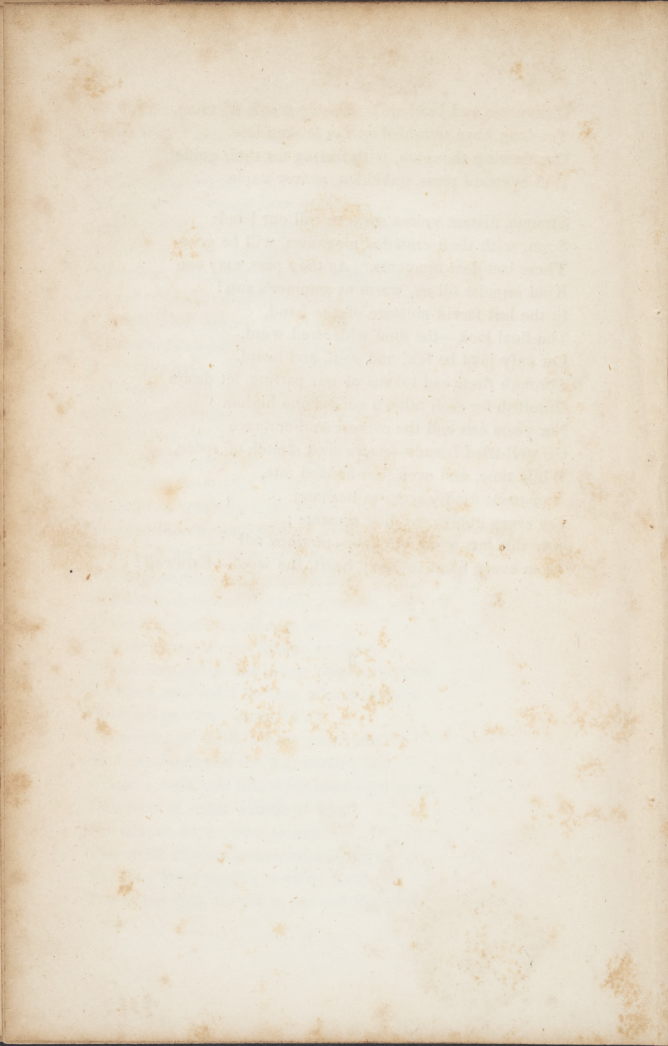
VI.

In silence, day by day, ye've round us thrown
 A wond'rous, loving, joyous, growing spell :
 Affection, reverence, fill alike the tone
 That utters, trembling from our lips, " Farewell ! "

To break the bonds that to these walls
 Have linked us as to things of life,
 Is sad. Much sadder are the calls
 To launch alone on coming strife.
 Yet we with courage new shall burn,
 As oft our eyes and thoughts shall turn
 To those who by our side have stood,
 Like pilots that have tried the deep,
 Experienced, anxious for our good,
 Pointing clear courses o'er the flood,
 That safe from hidden dangers keep
 To harbors safe ; with counsels large,
 Benevolent, with warning charge
 'Gainst evil ; fathers they and friends,
 With voices rich in love, with eyes
 Beaming the greatness of their minds,
 And all the heart that underlies.
 As children breaking from home's hearth,
 To tread the rugged ways of earth,
 With blended love and memory thrill,
 While gratitudes their bosoms fill,
 And leave no room for words ; so we,
 Must let a speaking silence be
 The utt'rance of our thanks to these
 Whose care for us has never known degrees.
 To them, and most to him, whose prayers
 Have led us every morn away
 To heights of faith, whose purer airs
 Have strengthened for the coming day,
 Whose speech and life, with learning's store,
 Pour love in equal wealth of lore,
 We sorrow, as we turn to say
 The word that ends their care for aye.
 Yet they have taught to value well
 The hopes that mingle in our sad Farewell.

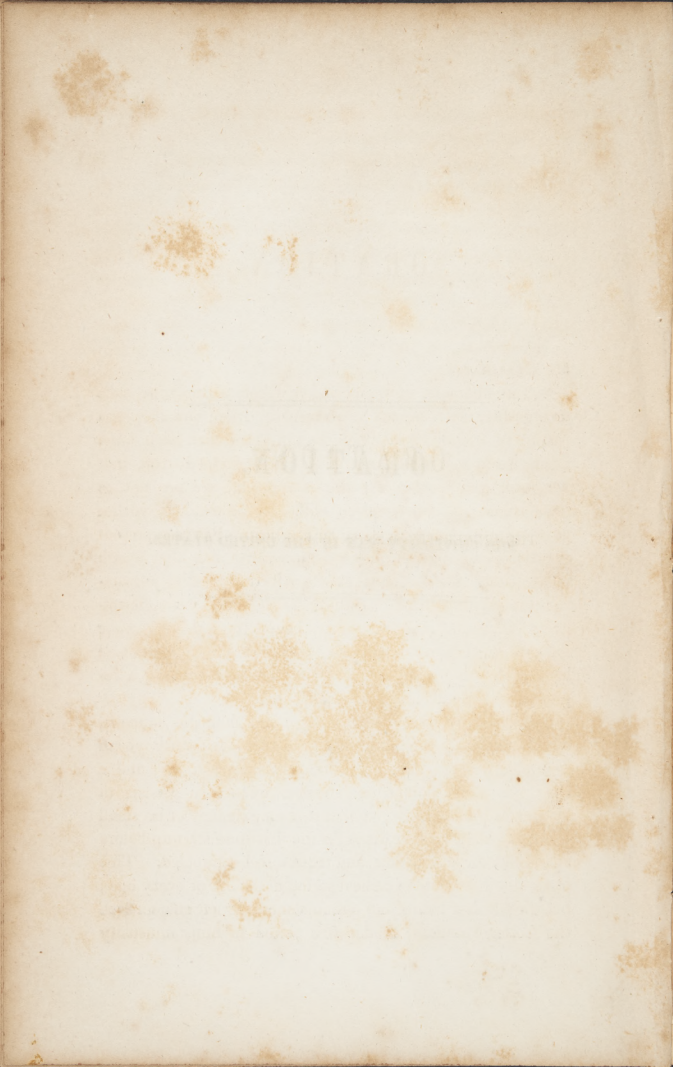
Classmates and brothers! Feeble words of mine,
 Too long have trembled on the broken line.
 Our flowing thoughts, with feeling for their guide,
 Will eyeward press, unbidden, sorrow's tide.

Strange, distant voices seem to call our band:
 Soon, with their crowded meanings, will be gone
 These last dear moments. As they pass, may one
 Kind impulse fill us, warm as summer's sun!
 In the last fervid pressure of the hand,
 The final look—the final whispered word,
 Let only love be felt, and seen, and heard.
 Through these sad tokens of our parting, let desire
 Unselfish for each other's good flame higher.
 Nor years can end the earnest soul-embrace
 Of well-tried friends—nor widest stretch of space.
 While time, and even iron-handed fate,
 A moment kindly seem to hesitate,
 Ere every golden tie they separate;
 May this last word, our deep emotions tell
 From every heart to every heart, the word—Farewell!



ORATION.

THE UNIVERSITY MAN IN THE UNITED STATES.



ORATION.

MY CLASSMATES :

THE character of the occasion which at this time calls us together, is apparently not unusual. It appears simply a parting of friends ; and who does not know that such must needs be a common occurrence. It is indeed true, that we meet here to-day for the reason that we are not to meet again ; a consideration sufficient to awaken within us a train of tender and sober thought. But the present occasion possesses a far deeper significance than that which relates only to our separation. All that costly preparation for life, which has occupied us so many years, terminates with to-day ; and to-morrow begins the test. We have hitherto dwelt in a land where Nature has kindly permitted herself to be subjected to fancy ; we are now entering a region of sharp and inflexible facts.

Childhood is happy in its simple and fantastic conceits, which caricature the realities of a mature life ; early youth is usually content without thinking of them at all ; and a riper age, with strange perverseness, frequently persists in looking at them falsely ; so that it is an exigency of no small moment, when these realities for the first time start up before an individual, face to face, and require to be grappled. This obviously constitutes a critical period in the life of every one ; but the peculiar habits and circumstances which characterize the College student, render this period to him, unusually

important. While other men, in the workshop, in the field, and at the merchant's desk, have been employed about the tangible and immediate essentials of life, and by daily experience have learned to occupy their place in society with comfort and advantage—we, on the other hand, have been engaged about the intangible, and the theoretical, and have not yet felt the necessity of correcting our theories by an application of them. Moreover, the elevated and long cherished aims which incite us, or at least, the high hopes which are centered upon us, will render the calamity of our failure, doubly keen. Hence the hazard of the experiment which we are about to enter upon, is increased, both by the unusual interests which we have at stake, and by the possibility that the plans which we have adjusted to an hypothetical world, may prove unfit for the real one.

I have, therefore, thought proper at this time to present a few hints upon a topic suggested by the nature of the occasion: *The university man in the United States.*

The interests of every educated man thoroughly identify him with surrounding society. Such is the nature of man, that if a mind be subjected to either a physical or a moral isolation, it becomes a desolate blank, or inclines towards the brute. Hence, we are led to suspect that the pure love of knowledge, strictly for its own sake, is, to creatures like us, a cold and extremely feeble incentive to labor. How long would the chemist continue to tarry among his retorts and crucibles, were he the sole human inhabitant of the earth? How wearisome would be the vigils of the astronomer, without the hope of finding an admirer, or at least some creature whom his discoveries would benefit? Break the thousand mysterious chains that link our being to that of others, and see how insipid will be the pursuit of learning! Men cannot, if they would, be thus solitary in their pursuits and pleasures. Whoever supposes himself so enamored with science and philosophical truth, or so transformed by his literary culture that he may retire to a little atmosphere ex-

clusively his own, which is to be untainted by other and vulgar breath, if he be not a monster, he must soon discover that he is attempting to breathe in a vacuum.

It seems to result from the constitution of the mind, that learning is not valuable to its possessor, neither is enjoyed by him any farther than it effects, in some manner, the relation which he sustains to his fellow-creatures : and happily this natural law is re-inculcated by morality and religion. No man, therefore, by virtue of his education, can render himself independent of society ; but rather by new and stronger ties, he is bound to it still closer.

The real, ultimate objects of every educated man may be included in two—First, the *attainment of honorable social distinction*. Secondly, the *promotion of the beautiful and the true*.

The first object presents him before the public a suitor for favors. The second as a benefactor. The one employs society as a means to elevate the individual ; the other regards the individual as an instrument to elevate society. Ambition instigates the former—a desire for the extension of purity and goodness, incites the latter. And since an educated man will not be found so exalted as to be above ambition, or so mean as to be below it ; or, on the other hand, so vile that goodness to him possesses no attraction ; both these great objects are commonly embraced by him, and according as one or the other shall predominate, such will be the character of his conduct. Frequently one is made subservient to the other. The aspirant for distinguished honors among his fellow-men will be perpetually observant of their notions of right and propriety, and will not shock their feelings by exhibiting himself a purely ambitious man ; on the other hand, a commanding social position may be sought by a rare and beneficent spirit, mainly that the purifying light that is within him, may radiate over a wider circle.

Thus we have seen that each of the two great purposes

of educated men embraces society ; the one as a means, and the other as an end ; and common prudence requires that they should consult the varying moods of that society in fixing upon means to accomplish their purposes.

To be thoroughly cognizant of the character and institutions of a people, and, above all, to clearly apprehend the subtle sentiment that pervades them, and to adjust their own conduct thereto, presents an advantage to educated men the value of which cannot be exaggerated, and the want of which occasions more failures than all other causes combined. Inattention on this point, is always fatal to him who aims at social eminence ; and is scarcely less disastrous to the success of the practical philanthropist. Unfortunately the latter, from mistaken notions of duty, sometimes refuses to use this engine of power placed in his hands, and doggedly plods on with the old and by-gone implements. Undoubtedly there may be a sentiment in the popular mind, so depraved that a good man should not pollute himself by a compromise with it. But in questions of taste, and everything of doubtful criminality, the consistent philanthropist will not render himself odious and useless by refusing compliance.

It behooves us, therefore, as representatives of a particular class of educated men, to carefully reconnoitre the ground which we are about to occupy ; and first, with reference to the stronger of the two motives which actuate us—the attainment of honorable social distinction.

The fact, which first meets the university man in this country, as he leaves his *alma mater*, is, that he has not monopolized learning.

In every department of science and literature he meets with formidable competitors, who claim to stand on the same platform with himself, although they have “climbed up some other way.” The learning of ancient and mediæval times, was collected in the schools of Athens, Alexandria, and Bagdad, or was locked up in the cloisters of Catholic

Europe. And the graduate of these schools found no competition outside the walls of his Academy ; where, indeed, every other man was half a savage. But ever since a German peasant struck the Horeb's rock of the printing art, and the pent-up fountains of knowledge began to send their gushing streams wherever there were thirsty lips ; ever since that time, the peculiar easy glory of the university man has been gradually departing.

But in our land there are unusual causes leading to the same result. An unequaled system of common schools, together with a host of scientific schools—the multiplicity of books accessible to all—and a prevailing disposition to recognize talent, though without the prestige of a university, have contributed to raise up in the domain of letters a great number of prominent men, who have not availed themselves of the established routine of preparatory studies

More especially, however, the character of that vast body of men who are employed in the application of learning to the purposes of life, affords a valuable lesson to him who aspires to the honors which they possess. These are they who constitute what we denominate our public men ; who appear in our state and national legislatures and manage the Government ; who everywhere take the active lead of society, control public opinion, and identify themselves with the progress of the communities in which they are ;—among these, the university man discovers an array of rivals truly appalling, and which threatens to hold him in a minority. He sees his university companions, who for many years have practiced the most approved gymnastics, with reference to this very contest, at last put to a shameful flight by a rabble of mere militia. Here is the peculiar sphere of that insinuating and indefatigable creature, who will perpetually stand in our way, and attempt to thwart us—I mean the self-made man, as found in the United States. Other nations have exhibited something like him, but of a different species ; and

in the present state of ethnological research, he may clearly be pronounced, an American product. Living under a political and social regime, which allows the widest scope for his ambition—and meeting with just sufficient difficulties to temper but not subdue him—he presents a curious character, which is at once ardent, keen, practical and lithe. He has not the regular skill of the university man, neither does he have his softness. The scholarly arrangement, and finish of thought, in the one, is met in the other by a nimble vigor, and indomitable will. A half-tamed Macedonian has come to Elis, to wrestle with the trained but luxurious Athenian. There is no post of honor to which he does not aspire, and which he does not reach. Neither is he confined to any particular portion of the country ; but everywhere, on every spot between the shores of the two oceans—wherever any other human being hath pitched his tent—wherever a blade of grass grows, or is expected to grow—there *he* may be found, attached as a regular fixture, waiting with cool pertinacity to push his schemes wherever the shadow of an opportunity shall appear.

This is the man, who will rise up between us and our coveted honors like the ghost of Banquo, and like that obdurate shade, he will not “down at our bidding.”

Such is the position of the university man in the influential class of society around us. Not only is the arena full of hardy competitors, who will not hesitate to intrude upon his path and irreverently jostle him ; but even the people, who are the judges, soon recover from the charm which emanates from his own diploma, and will not grant him any special privileges over his adversary. Here then is a combat, where titles and emblazoned antecedents are useless trappings ; where the arm which prevails, is not that which is decorated with stars and ribbons, but that which is hard with supple sinews, and which delivers its stroke at the effective moment, and in a manner suited to the exigency.

In view, therefore, of the unlimited competition and cri-

ticism which meets the university man, in every department of life which he may enter, the means of his success will surely be inadequate, without careful observance of the present leading tendencies of the public mind.

I need not state, that American society requires her educated men to be practical. Ever since the marriage of philosophy and science, with labor—learning has been shifting her residence from the clouds to the earth. The *entities*, and *quiddities*, and other spectral topics of the Aristotelian schools have given place to inquiries concerning how men can be made to live better and happier. From dark cells, and the black-lettered volumes of a Roger Bacon, science has found its way to the threshold of the laborer, and promises to relieve his aching limbs, and insure him food and raiment.

This dawning of a new civilization, characterizes the present age; but its most signal progress is to be seen in the United States. A strange word has entered into the history of our moral and intellectual advancement; it is the *people*. The boasted cultivation and refinement of previous nations, has been in the main, not unlike a forest in the lowlands of the tropics: here and there rise splendid columns of foliage, whose wide branches, interlacing with one another, greet the distant eye with a magnificent sea of blossom-tinted green; but, yet, all underneath is full of loathsome reptiles, stagnant and slimy pools, and noisome vapors. In the city where Demosthenes spoke, where Sophocles wrote, and Phidias sculptured the head of Jove, four thousand slaves crawled at the feet of twenty thousand free citizens. But with us the spirit of our institutions utterly forbids that, the elegant comforts, and the refined tastes of the few, should lord it over the dearest interests of the many, and be secured at the cost of their degradation. Here is the spectacle of a whole nation thoroughly assimilated, all its individuals joined in the closest affinity—struggling and rising together, on common terms, and with common hopes. This consideration should silence forever the frequent reproaches against our national

character, for its slow development in the higher walks of taste. When a few aristocrats harness the masses to their gilded chariots, and lash them to the top of their speed, their advancement, for a time, is doubtless more rapid, than the grand, orderly march of a whole people.

In a nation thus characterized, and being yet in its youth too, the service which will be expected of its educated men, is easily conjectured. Their ability is required to be expressed in a clear purpose; and that purpose, for the most part, must propose to affect in some way, the vital and immediate interests of society at large. A glance at the condition of cultivated intellect about us, shows at once, that only a few persons, and those of rare gifts, are even sustained, much less become distinguished and honored, by purely literary achievements. While, on the other hand, in those mighty schemes for developing the industry of the country—or for extending a social and practical, intellectual and moral culture, the most munificent rewards are held out to every kind of talent and acquirement.

It is not surprising, therefore, that that learning which is either unable or unwilling to conform to so obvious a demand of the times, should be looked upon with suspicion: and let not the university man sneer at the popular query, "*Cui bono?*" and sigh for an Augustan court with its Mæcenases, but let him rather thank God that a people is at last found, who require him to exert his strength in their aid, and are not disposed to treat with superstitious indulgence; a *dark lantern* in their midst, which either cannot shine at all, or shines where no light is wanted! If then, the university man finds himself destitute of means for reaching the sympathy, and honors of surrounding society, and feels that his attainments are unappreciated and abused—let it again be told him, that the American Minerva—his patron goddess—will not be found by the old altar, a cold and lifeless statue, standing on the old pedestal, but with the whole land for a temple, and every hearth a shrine, she manifests herself to us a living soul, which

feels, and responds to the heart-beat of the million. And if such a divinity does not command his love and obedience, let him immediately forsake her worship.

There is another well known characteristic of the American mind, which it is important to observe; I mean its extreme *intensity*. This is a mode of mind which has always in possession a distinct object, and proceeds directly toward it extremely in earnest; and whoever intends to move in public life, should be fully aware of this peculiar character of the element which he enters. Would he successfully enforce any particular truth, among a people who are always excited, and always pre-occupied, he must send that truth reeking from the heart—not in timid and vacillating tones—but with commanding earnestness. And in whatever relation he may sustain to the public, stupidity will not be mistaken for gravity, or gravity for wisdom. Neither by any means will indifference, or even a moderate degree of effort be able to secure any distinguished results, when every movement in the land is marked by a hurrying, dashing activity.

It is therefore possible, that the scholar, who has learned an easy, ambling pace in the smooth and sequestered walks of his university, may be annoyed and disconcerted by the tumultuous haste and eagerness displayed in the great thoroughfares of life, and to which he is forced to conform.

Thus far we have considered the first great object of educated men—the attainment of honorable social distinction. The second object is the promotion of the beautiful and the true.

That must be an ignoble soul whose yearnings do not extend beyond reputation—which does not continually recognize an intrinsic loveliness, clothing objects of an actual, as well as an ideal creation; which does not feel the excellence and the adorableness of simple truth.—Truth and Beauty, twin daughters of God, hand in hand they tread the earth, and by their gentle suasive speech and winning ways, they

induce the children of men to join their train and their service.

These influences are always present and they are always powerful ; but obviously not always to the same degree.

The antique age spent itself mainly in developing the beautiful—a sensuous and intellectual beauty, which appears in their imimitable works of art, and in their fresh and immortal poetry, and which constitutes the priceless legacy brought down to us by the classics. In our own age and country another ideal is struggling to be realized : an ideal founded in eternal truth, and which awakens jubilant hopes in the future for humanity, but which at present gives rise to mental habits, and tastes, homely, and essentially utilitarian.

Between these two ages and their respective developments, the university man is the medium. So that, if the American mind is too unimaginative and grovelling, if it directs our feverish life along wearisome paths, perpetually straightforward and unrelieved by shade or flowers, upon him it especially devolves, to introduce into the character of the people a more genial and elevated tone. It should not be forgotten, however, that the stupendous structure of this American nation, has but just arisen from its foundation ; as yet little more appears than the naked massive walls ; it is too soon to look for the carved Corinthian column, the fretted ceiling, and gilded dome. But the great Architect, we trust, has appointed a day for its completion, and then, let us hope, this iron age of pressing wants will cease, and a golden epoch succeed, more favorable to an elegant and lofty culture.

But the mission of the university man does not end here. The peculiar character of the times point to him as a special conservator of those great and sacred truths which lie at the basis, not only of individual, but of national prosperity. That struggle for political eminence, which inheres in every democracy, and which usually, in one way, or another, at last destroys it, is here rendered doubly intense by being almost the only channel in which a young and fierce ambition

can expend itself. As it might be feared, such a maelstrom commonly proves too violent for virtue to remain in, erect. How few of those who enter its surging and dizzying currents, escape with their manhood unshattered! Believe me, if this republic, with its institutions, is to crumble and be no more, it will not be by the paricidal hand of an intelligent people who inherit the memories of Plymouth rock, and the crimsoned fields of the revolution—until that people be first debauched by a political Atheism, reigning in high places.

In the actual or possible event of such a crisis, who shall aid an imperilled band, if not he, who, removed a while from the contagion of active life, has calmly studied the past with its commonwealths, and has marked their glory and their shame—who has pondered upon the mouldering toppling pile—

“ Once big with the vanity of state,
Now tenantless save to the crannying wind—”

and who has learned to read these prophetic words written on the iron leaf of destiny—*Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a curse to a people forever.*

That man of us, therefore, who goes forth to occupy the position we do, will have but half lived, if the record of his life does not show watching and labor in defense of those principles, which are epitomized in Christianity, and which he knows constitute the only hope for the perpetuity of this, as well as every other nation.

TO THE PRESIDENT,—

Respected Sir,—It is fitting that a band of Yale's sons should not depart from her honored precincts, without a farewell expression to him who presides over her interests. But something more than mere propriety moves the utterance of what I now say. I know this scene to you is often repeated, but to *us*, it never occurs but once; and feeling its full meaning as we do, the heart may well be sad and full of gushing

tenderness. We can only join with others in admiration of that profound learning which has signalized your connection with this institution, and which indeed is both known, and is the property of the whole country. But for that touching faithfulness, which has characterized your guidance of us during the past year, appearing in your earnest and devoted teachings, in your kindness and sympathy toward us everywhere, in the morning incense rising from where you stand to Heaven in our behalf, for *this*, it is our privilege to bear special tribute.—Suffer the opinion to rest with you, that the class of '54 is not ungrateful, and in coming years will not forget.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY :

The period of our cultivation, under your fostering care and instruction, is now concluded. You have opened to us a store-house of treasures, treasures garnered up from all time, and have taught us to select. But while from your lips we have gathered truths in myriad form, in your example, we have learned another truth, equal to them all, that he who has devoted life-long labors to educate the young men of a nation, counts more victories in the service of mankind, and wears greener laurels on his brow, than any mere potentate can. Another "hundred men," bearing the seeds you have sown, start for the four quarters of the land ; and joined by three thousand living graduates, they will roll back a tide of love and gratitude to the veteran body-guard of old Yale.

FELLOW STUDENTS :

The bonds of union which in sympathy and kind deeds have been growing up between us during the last one, two, and three years, are now to be severed. But I should not say severed, for that cannot be. Our feet will have passed the same hallowed spots, we shall have drank together from the same dear old fountain, and we shall possess a common

watchword, which to the latest breath will thrill the heart like music of home. We are all bretheren of the same family, and as it becomes an elder branch about to leave the maternal care, they offer their sincere wishes for your prosperity, and bid you an affectionate FAREWELL.

MY CLASSMATES:

The four years, now gone, which found us strangers and has made us friends, to-day summons us to separate. Four years of congenial pursuits, of the freest and warmest social intercourse, and that too in the most buoyant and sunny period of life. All the thrilling pleasures of these years, as well as their cares and disappointments, are henceforth to belong to our reminiscences. They are sealed up and given to the past, by this the last act in the drama of our college life.

When we contemplate the full significance of this parting scene—that the halcyon days allotted for our interviews within these familiar walls, and under these grateful shades, are really over and gone; that a great change, we know not what, awaits us in the future, and that the little band of us who stand here at this moment, in no probability will ever all meet again on earth—emotions of sadness and solemnity possess the mind. And these emotions are deepened by the reflection, that some who were once with us, and would be here to-day, are sleeping in their graves. EVERITT, NOYES and WELLES—cut off in their high hopes and manly promise—their forms have mingled with the sod; but they still linger among us in our affections, and will continue there, for we have erected in our hearts a cenotaph to their memory.

But the present occasion is not entirely fraught with gloom. Although with grief we part from a past so full of dear memories, still a wide and exciting future stretches before us, spanned by glittering bows of promise. And do we need inspiration, an hundred and fifty years, which measure

the antiquity of our Alma Mater are looking down upon us, in the long line of the living and the dead, who have stood where we stand, who have gone out to do battle with fortune, as we do now, and whose great names have filled the land.

The time has come when the parting hand must be given. The tear will start, and the lips will tremble, but let the "good-bye" be uttered in that hope and confidence which befits men and Christians.

PARTING ODE.

WORDS BY LEWIS LEDYARD WELD, OF HARTFORD, CT.

MUSIC BY ADRIAN VAN SINDEREN, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I saw two rivers onward run,
The one, a streamlet clear and bright,
The other, flashing in the sun,
Dashed onward in tumultuous might :
The gentle streamlet found a grave
Within the raging river's wave.

Brothers! we each have launched a boat
Upon that limpid streamlet's breast,
We calmly on its waters float,—
No care disturbs our peaceful rest.
But hark! we're parting from the shore!
Hear now life's stormy billows roar.

And now, no more linked hand in hand,
In pleasure's round, or learning's strife,
A broken and a scattered band
We grapple with the busy life.
The links are broken from the chain;
We *all* shall never meet again!

Then, Brothers! tarry longer yet
Before we say the last farewell;
Recall the days we'll ne'er forget,
The joys we'll never tire to tell.
Yes, Brothers! linger here awhile,
For parting look, and parting smile.

And when at last life's golden beam
Shall fade in darkness at the grave,
May its rekindled glories stream
Back to the throne of Him who gave!
Then shall we all a welcome tell
Where we ne'er more can bid FAREWELL!

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